

The Old Lady's Guest.

BY HERBERT J. ALLINGHAM.

The old lady was dozing in her chair.

She was a very beautiful old lady, with snow white hair, and gentle, refined features. She was quite alone in a large and stately room. From the walls the family portraits looked down upon her out of their heavy gold frames. Among these were men of all types, gallant soldiers, thoughtful statesmen, and mere strplings fresh from college. But in them all was discernible the family likeness—the keen eyes, the well-shaped, aristocratic nose, and the strong, heavy jaw.

A bright fire burned in the magnificent open fireplace; but, in spite of this, a somber air enveloped the apartment. The rich, dark tapestries, the heavy, old oak furniture, and the soft light from the solitary, carefully shaded lamp, which stood a little to the rear of the lady's chair, combined to produce this effect.

Suddenly the old lady was startled into wakefulness. A swift current of letterly cold air swept into the room, and the old lady looked up with a slight shiver. Surprise was depicted upon her face; but there was no suggestion of alarm in those steady, patient eyes.

Even when the figure of a man emerged from the shadow near one of the large French windows and stood before her, she remained apparently unmoved.

"Keep absolutely silent, madam, and do not move," said the intruder, rapidly and coolly. "If you obey me, I will not hurt you. If you attempt to call for assistance I shall have to silence you."

He was a young man, under 30, with little of the criminal in his appearance. Well-dressed, with a smooth-shaven, intelligent face, and a brisk self-possessed manner, he looked more like a commercial traveler than a housebreaker.

The collar of his overcoat was turned up about his ears, his hat was tilted over his eyes, and he carried a neat-looking black handbag.

The old lady surveyed him with a coolness equal to his own.

"Shut the window, my man," she said, quietly.

Her voice was low and gentle, but quite clear and unbroken by the least tremor of fear.

"The man looked at her admiringly. 'Madam, you have nerve and common sense—so much the better. I have only a few minutes to do my business, so please answer me briefly and clearly.'

He closed the window and returned to her.

"You are in the habit of keeping money and jewels in this room. Where are they?"

Instead of replying, the old lady looked at him kindly for a while in silence, and then said, simply:

"Poor lad! Poor lad!"

Flash Dick, a cracksmen of undoubted talent and unlimited assurance, well known to the police of London, Paris and New York, and capable of taking care of himself in most situations, however awkward, was for once at a loss.

He was prepared for hysterics, for angry reproaches, for mad terror; but the calm self-possession of this remarkable old lady bewildered him.

"With regard to that money—"

he began.

"Sit down, my lad; I want to talk to you," said the lady, gravely.

"Really, madam, I should be delighted; but if you knew how I was pressed for time—"

"There is no hurry. We shall not be disturbed until I ring."

As she spoke she pointed to the knob of an electric bell within easy reach of her hand.

The man's face became livid.

"If you touch that I'll kill you," he said between his teeth.

There was a shade of contempt, but still no fear, in the old lady's tones when she spoke again.

"Foolish boy, I do not fear death. For ten years I have been waiting patiently for his arrival. Sit down, my lad, and hear what I have to say."

Flash Dick, to his own astonishment, found himself obeying.

"I have a son," said the old lady.

"Very interesting, I am sure," replied Dick, glancing round the room and making a rapid inventory of its contents.

"I have not seen him for ten years. When I saw him last he was very much like you."

"Highly honored, madam, I am sure."

"He was handsome, he was brave, he was clever, and—he was a thief."

"Ah!" ejaculated Dick, rising to his feet, "that is why—"

"Yes, my poor boy, that is why I am sorry for you and would help you if I could."

Flash Dick laughed.

"There is only one way to help me. Where do you keep your valuables? I must insist upon an answer at once."

For answer the old lady raised her delicate white hand and pressed the knob of the electric bell.

"There is just time for you to escape," she said. "The way you came. If you stop to kill me you may be late."

Flash Dick, who at no time was the man to use violence, turned away with a muttered curse, and darted swiftly to the window.

He glanced cautiously out to see that the coast was clear, and then staggered back into the room pale and trembling.

That glance had shown him at least a dozen shadowy figures darting to and fro on the snow outside.

At the same time there was the sound of hurrying footsteps outside the door.

"Trapped!" he muttered, white to the lips.

"Step behind that screen!" said the old lady's calm voice.

Flash Dick opened his eyes wide with astonishment, but he was quick to obey.

As he disappeared the door was flung open unceremoniously and a group of excited men and maid servants swarmed into the room.

But on seeing their mistress seated calmly and undisturbed by the fire, they came to a standstill awkwardly and in silence.

At length the gray haired old butler, who was a lifelong servant to the family, came forward.

"Excuse me, my lady, but er—er—your rang."

"Yes, Parker, the fire wants more fuel. But what is the meaning of this?"

And she looked coldly at the group of frightened servants.

"Excuse me, my lady, but have you not been disturbed?"

"Not until this minute."

"The fact is, my lady, a well known thief has been staying at Sylvester Ams in the village for the last two days. He has been watched by a private detective, and to-night he was seen to leave the inn, and his footsteps have been traced in the snow right up to this window. There is every reason to believe, my lady, he is somewhere in this room."

"This is nonsense."

"You will permit us to search, my lady?"

"No; kindly retire, all of you, and do not let me be disturbed again."

But while the conversation had been going on, Tomkins, a courageous and inquisitive footman, had been peering cautiously into the dark corners of the room.

At this very moment he peeped behind the sheltering screen.

What he saw satisfied his curiosity and demolished his courage. With a shriek of terror he leaped back, dragging the screen with him.

It fell with a crash to the floor, and Dick, fully master of himself now that the game was up, strode forward with a smile on his handsome face.

The women servants shrank back with a chorus of shrieks.

"That's him, my lady, that's the thief!" cried the old butler, stepping pluckily forward between his mistress and the desperado.

Lady Sylvester arose.

"Parker," she said, calmly, "do not make yourself ridiculous. That gentleman is no thief!"

The old servant looked at her in bewilderment.

"Then who—"

The old lady turned and faced the group of wondering servants, and said in clear, even tones:

"This gentleman is my son, Mr. Harry Sylvester."

A gasp of surprise was the only answer to this astounding statement, but the old butler looked at his mistress, and their eyes met. The old lady's were stern and steady, and Parker, with the intelligence of a well-trained servant, allowed his gaze to fall and said, respectfully:

"I beg your ladyship's pardon and Mr. Harry's as well. My eyes are not so good as they were, and this story of a housebreaker has made us all lose our wits, I fancy."

"My son is here for a very brief visit. He will stay the night. See that his room is prepared. Let him be called at 8 in the morning, and have the carriage ready to take him to the station to catch the 9:15 to London."

"Yes, my lady."

WANTED.

On quick delivery I will pay the highest market price for

Iron, Steel,
Copper, Brass,
Zinc, Bones,
Rubber, Rags,
Hides, Furs,

For the Next 60 Days.
J. M. SALLEE,
Ohio Street, BUTLER MO.

"Oh, and Mr. Harry's visit is strictly private. I would prefer that the subject be not discussed by the servants in the village or elsewhere."

"Very good my lady."

Once more Flash Dick and the old lady were alone together. The man came and stood in front of his preserver, and looked at her curiously.

She returned his gaze with perfect self-possession, and after a moment's silence she spoke.

"Do you see that cupboard?" she said, pointing to a door in a large oaken piece of furniture at the farther end of the room.

The man nodded.

"In there you will find a little more than £10, in notes and gold, besides a few rings and other things of some value. The key of the door is in the drawer above."

Flash Dick walked swiftly across the room, opened the drawer, and found the key. He stood for a moment looking at it. Then he returned slowly to the old lady by the fire.

A whimsical smile played about the rouge's face, and corners of his mouth twitched nervously.

"I am only a vulgar thief," he said in a voice that broke slightly in spite of his efforts to keep it steady, "and sentiment is not much in my line; but I wish you would take charge of this key—just to keep me out of temptation, you know."

The old lady took the key, and then she took the thief's hand and fondled it in a motherly way, while she looked up, smiling through her tears into his face.

"My dear boy, be good. From this night be good. My own dear son committed a crime ten years ago, and became a vulgar thief, as you say. A kind friend saved him from ruin and disgrace. He went to America, and under another name he worked hard to redeem the past. He succeeded, he prospered, and now I am happy, because I know he is living an honest and a useful life. You will do the same, my lad. Your face is the face of a brave man and a strong man. In that you are like my son. You shall borrow from me the money you were going to steal. That will pay your passage to America and give you a start. Make your way to Chicago, and there you will find a Mr. Silver, the head of a great firm. You may tell him everything and he will help you to make a beginning."

Poor Flash Dick stood for a moment in silence, his eyes blinking and his mouth twitching. Then he fell on his knees, and, taking the hem of the old lady's dress, he pressed it to his lips.

And while he knelt there, with bowed head, the lady tenderly stroked his hair with her gentle fingers as though she were soothing a naughty but repentant child.

Stops the Cold and Works off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, no pay. Price 25 cents.

National Guard Association.

Jefferson City, Mo., Jan. 1.—The Missouri National Guard Association met to-day in the state armory and elected the following officers for the ensuing year:

Gen. H. C. Clark, Butler, president; Major Raupp, Pierce City, vice president, and Captain George B. Webster of Webster Grove, secretary.

To Cure a Cold in One Day Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Candor

Genuine stamped C. C. C. never sold in bulk. Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."

THREE MEN DEFEATED TWENTY.

American Lieutenant and Two Orderlies Took Insurgent Barrack.

Manila, Jan. 1.—Lieutenant Chas. D. Rhodes of the Sixth Cavalry, accompanied by two orderlies, when within six miles of Manila to-day, came across twenty armed insurgents in barracks. Lieutenant Rhodes drove out the insurgents, capturing two rifles, three revolvers and some ammunition. Rhodes then burned the barracks and proceeded to Manila.

General Wheaton's report from the island of Samar indicates that little has been accomplished there. The attitude of the natives is even more unfriendly than ever before. General Chaffee will probably visit the island in order to investigate the state of affairs.

On the other hand, in Bantangas Province, the organized campaign against the insurgents is progressing favorably, and speedy results are expected.

There are some Simple Remedies

indispensable in any family. Among these, the experience of years assures us, should be recorded Painkiller. For both internal and external applications we have found it of great value; especially can we recommend it for colds, rheumatism, or fresh wounds and bruises.—Christian Era Avoid substitutes, there is but one Painkiller, Perry Davis'. Price 25c and 50c.

HEARD APPLAUSE FOR SCHLEY.

Mr. Roosevelt in Embarrassing Position at the Theater.

Washington, Jan. 2.—The President, accompanied by Mrs. Roosevelt, last night occupied a box at the National Theater, where Francis Wilson in playing "Toreador," Mr. Wilson closes a song, dedicated to Schley, as follows:

Perhaps he wasn't in command, but he fought to beat the band.

And he ought to have a tablet in the Hall of Fame.

An outburst of applause followed this reference to Schley. All eyes were turned toward the President's box, but Mr. Roosevelt gave no sign.

Society Girl Took Poison.

Detroit, January 2.—Miss Beulah Wheeler, a beautiful society woman died early today at her home on Second avenue from arsenical poisoning.

Last evening she retired to her room to rest before starting for the theater. Soon after Miss Wheeler called to her mother for aid and said she had taken the wrong medicine.

What the young women had taken for antipyrine proved to be arsenic. Physicians were immediately summoned and they worked over Miss Wheeler all night. Despite their treatment she died just before daybreak.

Miss Wheeler, who was 22 years of age, was born in Rome, New York.

Many a bright and happy household has been thrown into sadness and sorrow because of the death of a loved one from a neglected cold.

Ballard's Horehound Syrup is the great cure for coughs, colds and all pulmonary ailments. Price 25 and 50 cents. For sale by H. L. Tucker.

Notice of Final Settlement.

Notice is hereby given to all creditors and others interested in the estate of N. D. Walden, deceased, that I, W. C. Walden, administrator, of said estate, intend to make final settlement of said estate at the next term of the Bates County Probate court, in Bates county, state of Missouri, to be held at Butler, Missouri, on the 10th day of February A. D. 1902.

W. C. WALDEN, Administrator.

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W. C. WALDEN, Administrator.

International Compliment.

Washington, Jan. 2.—Miss Alice Roosevelt, the daughter of the president, was much complimented to-day by her friends and acquaintances over the cablegram from Berlin conveying information that the kaiser wanted her to name his new yacht, but thus far no official intimation of the international compliment has reached the white house. The kaiser's request, when officially made, will take some time to reach Miss Roosevelt through the usual diplomatic channels.

Wants Kansas City Divorced.

Kansas City, Mo., Jan. 1.—State Senator Chas. W. Clark announces that he had about completed a scheme for a bill to be introduced in the next Legislature to cut Kansas City out of Jackson county, in order to save the \$1,000,000 dramsoph money which, under the statutes, now is spent on county roads.

285 Ships in U. S. Navy.

Washington, Jan. 2.—The Naval Register for 1902, which is just published, says that the United States navy comprises 225 vessels in commission or available for service and 60 under construction. This makes a total of 285 men-of-war.

The properties of Ballard's Snow Liniment possesses a range of usefulness greater than any other remedy. A day seldom passes in every household, especially where there are children, that is not needed. Price 25 and 50 cents. For sale by H. L. Tucker.

The effort now being made to increase the salary of congressmen from \$5,000 to \$8,000 should be accompanied by an invoice of the services which they have been rendering. The people who remain at home are less interested in the amount necessary to maintain a congressman at Washington than in the sum which he is able to earn for the country.—Nevada Post.

Order of Publication.

STATE OF MISSOURI, ss. County of Bates.

In the Circuit Court of Bates County, Missouri, December 10th, 1901, Mollie H. Law Plaintiff, vs. James Lewis, Defendant.

Now this day comes the plaintiff herein, her attorney, W. O. Jackson, and files her petition and affidavit, alleging among other things that Defendant James Lewis is not a resident of the State of Missouri.

Whereupon, it is ordered by the clerk of said court, that said defendant be notified by publication that plaintiff has commenced a suit against him in this court, the object of which is to obtain a decree of divorce from the bonds of matrimony entered into by and between Plaintiff and Defendant, the grounds that Defendant has been guilty of such conduct as to constitute him a vagrant under the laws of Missouri in this that being able-bodied man he failed and refused to support his wife and family, and Plaintiff alleges as grounds for divorce that the Defendant has been guilty of such indignities to plaintiff as to render her condition in life intolerable, in this (Plaintiff alleging) that said Defendant has been guilty of adultery, and had improper correspondence with an unmarried woman, and on many occasions charged Plaintiff with adultery, and that unless said defendant, James Lewis, be and appear in this court, at the next term thereof, to be held in said county, on the 11th day of February next, and on or before the first day of said term, answer or plead to the petition in said cause, the same will be taken as confessed, and judgment will be rendered accordingly.

And it is further ordered that a copy hereof be published, according to law, in this BUREAU WEEKLY TIMES, a newspaper printed and published in Bates county for four weeks successively, the last publication to be at least fifteen days before the first day of the next term of the circuit court.

A true copy of the record. Witness my hand and seal of the circuit court of Bates county this 10th day of December, 1901.

(SEAL) December, 1901. A. B. LUDWICK, Circuit Clerk.

Order of Publication.

STATE OF MISSOURI, ss. County of Bates.

In the circuit court of Bates County, Mo., vacation December 12, 1901, L. J. Bowman Plaintiff, vs. Emma Morgan, Viola Gates and G. G. Hoffman, Defendants.

Now at this day comes the plaintiff herein, their attorney W. O. Jackson, and files their affidavit alleging among other things that defendants, Emma Morgan, Viola Gates and G. G. Hoffman, are not residents of the State of Missouri. Whereupon, it is ordered by the undersigned clerk in vacation that the defendants be notified by publication that plaintiffs have commenced a suit against them in this court the object and general nature of which is to obtain a decree of partition according to law, and rights of the parties hereto to the following described real estate, to-wit: the east half of the northwest quarter, and the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section twenty-six (26) township forty (40) range thirty-three (33) containing one hundred and twenty (120) acres more or less, situate in Bates county, Missouri, and to set off to J. Bowman her part, as an undivided land in kind, and that unless the said defendants, Emma Morgan, Viola Gates and G. G. Hoffman and Frank Hoffman, be and appear at this court at the next term thereof, to-wit: on the 11th day of February next, and on or before the first day of said term, answer or plead to the petition in said cause, the same will be taken as confessed, and judgment will be rendered accordingly.

And it is further ordered that a copy hereof be published, according to law, in this BUREAU WEEKLY TIMES, a weekly newspaper printed and published in said county of Bates for four weeks successively, the last publication to be at least fifteen days before the first day of the next term of the circuit court.

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A. B. LUDWICK, Circuit Clerk.

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